

The Yazoo Democrat.

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VOLUME I.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 6, 1858.

NUMBER 10.

Professional Cards.

A. M. HARLOW,
Attorney at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.
WILL practice in the Probate and Circuit Courts of Yazoo and Holmes Counties; and, also, in the High Court of Errors and Appeals at Jackson. [Oct. 9-58-ly]

D. W. SANDERS,
Attorney at Law,
LEXINGTON, HOLMES COUNTY, Mississippi.
September 11th, 1858. [ly]

HAMER & HENDERSON,
Attorneys at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Court held at Jackson. Sept. 1, 1858. 1-ly

BURGESS & ARMISTEAD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Sept. 1, 1858. [ly]

W. S. EPPERSON,
Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.
And Commissioner for Louisiana
WILL practice in the Courts of Yazoo, and the other counties composing the Fifth Judicial District, and the Courts at Jackson.
Office near the Court House. Sept. 1, 1858. [ly]

J. T. RUSSELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Yazoo City, Miss.
WILL practice in the courts of Yazoo and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson. Collections promptly attended to. [Sept. 1858]

R. S. G. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Yazoo City, Mississippi
WILL practice in the Circuit Courts of Yazoo, Adams and Holmes counties, and the several courts in Yazoo County, and the Court held at Jackson. [Sept. 1, 1858]

BROOKE & SNEDES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, VICKSBURG, Miss.
WILL continue to practice their profession in the Circuit, Chancery and Probate Courts of Warren county, at Vicksburg, Washington county, at Greenville; Bolivar county, at Wellington; Issaquena county, at Tallula, and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson. [Sept. 1, 1858]

DR. A. F. MAGRUDER,
HAVING located permanently, professes his professional services to the citizens of Yazoo City and the adjacent country.
Office, the front room over Taylor's Store. October 1—19-3m.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
OFFERS his services to the citizens of Yazoo City and vicinity.
Office at P. B. Cook & Co's Drug Store. He can be found at night at the residence of Mrs. Caroline. [Sept. 1, '58 ly]

DR. HOLMES & VANDELL,
HAVE associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Benton and surrounding country.
Benton, Miss. Sept. 1, 1858. 1y.

HENRY LAURENCE,
DENTIST,
Office on Main Street, Yazoo City.

REFERENCES:
Dr. Leake & Barnett, Yazoo City.
E. Townsend, M. D., Philadelphia.
B. McClellan, M. D., New Orleans.
W. Smith, Dentist, New Orleans.
F. H. Knapp, Mobile.
G. Nott, M. D., Mobile.
Yazoo City, September 1, 1858.

PETER B. COOK & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
Paints, Oils and Glass, Garden Seeds, &c.
Yazoo City, Sept. 1, 1858.

Lighting Rods, Pumps & Gutters.
THE undersigned is prepared to furnish and put up in the best manner, and at short notice, Lighting Rods, Gutters and Pumps of all kinds.
Any orders left at Harrison & Hyatt's, or at the Telegraph Office, will be promptly attended to.
P. PAUL.
September 18, 1858.

ERNEST W. MULLER,
GIVES lessons on the Organ, Melodion, Piano, Harp, Cithara, Guitar, Violin, Violoncello, Banjo, Flute, Clarinet, Harmonica, and Composition of Music, Singing and Drawing.
Yazoo City, October 23, 1858. [1y]

WHOLESALE DRUG STORE.
JOHN R. GREEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, FINE TOILET SOAPS,
Fine Hair and Tooth Brushes,
AND TOILET ARTICLES,
Dental and Surgical Instruments,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Vicksburg, Miss.
Orders from Merchants, Physicians and others solicited.
(Oct 16, '58 ly)

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—A fine and general supply of all the popular Flavoring Extracts this day, just received and for sale by
P. B. COOK & CO.,
May 6, 1858.

Poetry.

[From the Mississippian.]

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.
Hark! through the dim woods dying
With a moan;
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!

Oh! why should we mourn and weep for the dead?
The cold earth pillow the once gentle head,
And shut from our sight the soft light of the eyes,
The spirit hath fled to its own native skies.

Oh! why should we mourn them when blest angels
Are waiting to bear them to regions of light;
Where the dark waves of sorrow ne'er break on
The soul,

And the rivers of pleasure eternally roll?
Yet sad were our hearts when they laid thee to
rest,
And we knew the cold earth lay heaped on thy
breast;

And we wept when we thought, thy brief life now
o'er,
We should see thy frail form, beloved one, no
more.

And fondly they mourn thee, whose eyes dimm'd
with tears,
When they watched and they wept, through hopes
and through fears;

Who fain would have held thee away from the
grave,
But sunk in their anguish, too feeble to save.

Yet how can we mourn these whose fond hopes
had fled,
Who longed to be laid by the side of thy dead;
When death but released thee from sorrow and
pain,

And loved ones were waiting to clasp thee again?
Then sweet be thy sleep in earth's quiet bosom,
Where roses will bloom and young buds blossom,
And their odors breathe, till they wither and fade,
Where thou and thy loved ones together are laid!

Though sad were our hearts when they laid thee
to rest,
Yet, blissful thy waking 'mid scenes of the blest,
When thy spirit, forsaking its mansion of clay,
Awakes 'neath the noontide and glory of day;

Where the sorrowing heart's ne'er heaved by a
sigh;
Where the garlands of Hope ne'er wither and die;
Where the fond eye of Grief's ne'er dimm'd by a
tear;

And the flowers of Love ne'er droop o'er the bier.
Benton, Oct. 15, 1858. L.

INDIAN SUMMER.

There is a time, just when the frost
Prepares to pave old Winter's way,
When Autumn, in a reverie lost,
The mellow day-time dreams away;
When Summer comes, in nerving mind,
To gaze once more on hill and dell—
To mark how many sheaves they bind,
And see if all are ripened well.

With balmy breath she whispers low:
The dying flowers look up and give
Their sweetest incense ere they go,
For her who made their beauties live.
She enters 'neath the woodland's shade,
Her sapphire left the lingering leaf,
And bears in gently where are laid
The loved and lost ones of its grief.

At last, old Autumn, rising, takes
Again his scepter and his throne,
With boisterous hand the tree he shakes,
Intent on gathering all its own.
Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him.

ANACREONTIC.

Tell, tell me again and again that you love me!
What mortal, from such lips, of such words
would tire?

O, eloquent eyes! that like stars blaze above me,
My heart will consume in your tear-wet fire!

Kiss, kiss me again and again!—thus to madness
Who would not be thrilled by you, beautiful
girl!

Soft bosom! upon thee rest never a sadness
More real than the shadow that falls from this
curl!

O, cheeks! so like opals, your dimples and blushes
Are miniature goblets and heart-gushing wine!
O, mouth! like the rosebud, your dew is so luscious,
I thirst, as the sunbake, to make it all mine!

Thus, thus would I wish, as a bee in a blossom,
Drink deep of the sweetness that's hid in thy
breath!

Thus, thus, with my head pillowed on thy white
bosom,
I'd wish to be found by the dark angel, Death!

HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One lazy day a farmer's boy
Was hoeing out the corn.
And moodily had listened long
To hear the dinner horn;

The welcome blast was heard at last,
And down he dropped his hoe;
But the good man shouted in his ear,
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,
To use a plowman's phrase,
And the lad, as sailors have it,
Beginning well to "haze,"

"I can," he said, and manfully
He seized again his hoe;
And the good man smiled to see
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,
And proved the moral well,
That perseverance to the end
At last will nobly tell.

Take courage, man! resolve you can,
And strike a vigorous blow;
In life's great field of varied toil,
Always hoe out your row.

JEFFERSON DAVIS IN MAINE.

Mr. Jefferson Davis, who has passed the summer in Maine, has made a very favorable impression upon the people of that State, and they are equally favorable impression upon him. We have already had occasion to speak in terms of praise of the national, conservative and patriotic tone of Mr. Davis' recent speeches. Whatever prejudices and sectional views he may have heretofore entertained, he seems to have dismissed them all. He speaks in the language of an American citizen, proud of his country, and his whole country. Living in one extremity of the Union and visiting another, he beholds in the diversity of their pursuits no diversity of political interests, but one of the strong ligaments of the national Union.

Undoubtedly Mr. Davis has gained much by his visit to the North. He has been regarded as the embodiment of Southern sectionalism—as the representative man among the fire-eaters. He has had an opportunity to disabuse the Northern mind of that injurious impression. And he has so improved it as to gain the confidence and respect of a large portion of his countrymen who have been accustomed to regard him with distrust and dislike. Far be it from us to insinuate that Mr. Davis has changed his political sympathies, much less his political principles, or abated one iota of that attachment which he owes to the State and section of his birth. On the contrary, we have seen nothing in the speeches of Mr. Davis, during the past summer, which any Southern citizen could possibly find fault with, unless it be the tone of patriotism which has pervaded them. The advocates of disunion and secession may well denounce them, but he who sees in the Union and the government of the Union the best assurance of our greatness and happiness as a nation, will willingly applaud the patriotic sentiments of Mr. Davis.

He was present, the other day, at the meeting of the Maine State Agricultural Society, and spoke an hour and a half. A Portland paper says that his remarks elicited the most cordial approbation. We venture to quote a condensed summary of them:

"He said he had made no preparations for an address, but, on the contrary, had expected to hear one made by some other person. He spoke of the interests of a country, and declared agriculture to be the first—the mechanic arts were only tributary. Agriculture produces that which is the foundation of a nation's greatness, and the mechanic arts largely increase the value of the raw material. You also have the liberal professions, said he—lawyers and doctors—and the less you have of them the better. Of the clergyman, he would have no remarks to make. From the different interests of the North and the South, some pretended to see reasons why they should be divided. But he saw why, particularly for this, they should be united. The North, with its mechanical genius, would be a manufacturing section, and the South was a producer of staples. Behind this selfish interest, which formed a bond of union between the States, there was the pride of being an American citizen—the greatest country in the world, not reckoned by its armies and navies, but by its resources, the genius of its people, and their will and power to do what will become a freeman. The whole is my country, said the speaker, and I love it all with all my heart. But, said he, if I had no love for any State but my own, still I should be interested in the welfare and prosperity of Maine, for it will act and react in Mississippi. The hand of nature set the seal of unity on this country; our fathers saw it and wisely embraced it, and patriotism made them one forever. New England was celebrated for its manufactures, so much so that ingenuity had become a Yankee characteristic. The name Yankee was now a synonym of enterprise and intelligence, which was once a term of reproach. And, said the speaker, you may well be proud that you are Yankees—in the school-house, in the public assembly, in the workshop, and on every sea, New England was celebrated for the power of mind over matter, which makes our people great. In closing, Mr. Davis disclaimed ever having any feeling of sectional hostility to any part of the country in his whole political action, and he expressed his best wishes for the present and future prosperity of all present."—Philadelphia North American.

MYSTERIOUS DISCOVERY.—The New Orleans Courier, of the 27th, says:

A most horrible and mysterious discovery of a wreck at sea, is reported by Captain Farley, of the ship Wm. Singer, arrived yesterday from London. He says that on the 29th of September last, in lat. 38.40, long. 45.57 West, he discovered a wreck to the Northward, which proved to be the bark Mayflower of New York, with her bulkheads and nothing standing but her mizen mast. On sending a boat on board they found human bones strewn about the deck, and the bodies of a woman and child in the last stages of decomposition. The only articles on board which could be identified, were a bundle of shirts, socks and handkerchiefs, marked A. in red and B. D. J. and J. D. J., in blue thread, a chronometer dial marked "Two days, Lovett, Leadenhall street, London, No. 270," and several articles of little value belonging to the master or mate; and a silver watch "No. 9050, G. J. Oram, maker, London."

She was loaded with stone, and had evidently been boarded before, as she was stripped to the gunwales. The imagination shudders in picturing the story of horror, a sequel of which is shadowed forth by this discovery of Capt. Farley's.

THE WASHBURNES.—W. D. Washburne, a young brother of the famous three now in Congress, is nominated to the Minnesota Legislature, and there is talk of adding him to the Washburnes in Congress next year.

There is still another brother in California, who was a candidate for Congress in 1856, and who yet intends to add his name to the catalogue.

THE TRUE TONE OF POLITE CONVERSATION AND FAMILIAR LETTERS.

When a woman of feeling, fancy and accomplishment, has learned to converse with ease and grace, from long intercourse with the most polished society, and when she writes as she speaks, she must write letters as they ought to be written; if she has acquired just as much habitual correctness as is reconcilable with the air of negligence. A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence, may be allowed; but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long continued use of elevated language; they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the dilettante, and which both, if they knew its difficulty, would dread; it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns, in daily use by the generality of mankind, and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produces what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation, without departing from their character. Anything may be said, if it is spoken in the tone of society; the highest guests are welcome, if they come in the easy address of the club; the strongest metaphor appears without violence, if it is familiarly expressed; and we then more easily catch the warmest feeling, if we perceive that it is intentionally lowered in expression out of condescension to our calmer temper. It is thus that harangues and declamations (the last proof of bad taste and bad manners in conversation are avoided, while the fancy and heart find the means of pouring forth all their stores. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise. This is increased when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation.

PICCOLOMINI IN NEW YORK.—The season opened brilliantly last night. Every seat, every box, was taken. An array of good toilets, unsurpassed anywhere, graced the house. Many beautiful women, too, were present, as well as a large gathering of notabilities. Mr. Ullman has redeemed his pledge of having a superior orchestra. There must be about fifty choice players who do their work well. We did not hear Mlle. Piccolomini in the first act, and judge of her from her rendering of the second, third and fourth acts. In person she is rather under the middle height. In carriage she is graceful and high bred. Her face boasts of a pair of dark eyes of exceeding vitality and expression, well turned features, and remarkable powers of mobility. Her nature evidently is quick, ardent and enthusiastic. Her voice is warmly toned, and in the lushy moments of the opera, which abound, is full of the loveliness of tragic sorrow. In equality it is not of the highest rank, but the electricity of the artist lends it at the climax of intensity an expression which is apart and truly admirable. In the three acts which we heard, there is no florid music, so we can not judge of her ability to execute it. In declamatory and sustained singing passages, she is excellent. Her phrasing leaves nothing to be desired. Her enunciation is perfect. With a true air of Italian nature, she is prodigal of facial expression, answering to the sentiment of the moment. As an actress, she is charming. Her play of the arms is particularly good. The last scene of the broken-hearted, dying consumptive was best at the close. The tremendous agony of joy at meeting her lover was exquisitely faithful to nature. The impression left on us was not that of a grand, but a beautiful artist—finished and fascinating. The applause of the audience was heartiest at the end, when Mlle. Piccolomini received the honor of a triple call before the curtain. Her dressing, we may add, was excellent—in the best of French taste. N. Y. Tribune 21st.

HIGH AIMING.—A Scottish Reformer lately deceased, was so fully impressed with the idea of always keeping before youth a high standard to aim at, on one occasion he delivered himself on the hustings of the following magnificent sentiment:

"If I were a chimney-sweep, and had a son, I would bring him up with an ambition to sweep out Mount Vesuvius."

A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It has played sad havoc in New England, and is spreading rapidly west of the mountains. Some in Ohio and Illinois already begin to "smell a mice." Indiana is in danger.

It is not generally known that a piece of loaf-sugar will instantly stop the most troublesome hiccup. Our devil says that a cup of cold water will do as well, for he has tried it—sugar of any kind not being very comfortable with him. Poor devil!

"Be careful how you drink, or you will wash the color off your cheeks," said a gentleman, as he handed a glass of water to a lady. "There is no danger of your ever taking water enough to remove the color from face," was the retort.

Carracole, to Neapolitan Minister, remarked that the only ripe fruit he had seen in England was roasted apples, and that he preferred the moon of Naples to the sun of England. A man of great taste, sarita.

There is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knee. For consequence, he has not paid for that last pair of boots.

THE LAW OF PIRACY.

The notion of the constitution which practically exists is, as I have stated, one, to wit, of a bond of union, and a huge charter of powers to suit the exigencies of the dominant party. In every case the minority have been overruled, but it would appear from our past history that truth ultimately triumphs. We shall have no more national banks; the system of protection is almost defunct; and it may be that the slaveholding portion of this confederacy may still find all their rights recognized and their position securely established.

We have a very serious duty to perform; we have to place ourselves right, not in the eyes of the world, but in our own self-esteem. We have to work our way out of the false position in which we have so long remained. The approaching trial presents an opportunity. But let us always remember, that though we must discharge our duty to ourselves—and I trust it will be done by assuming a position from which our ancestors would have shrunk. For it can be proved that most of the leading founders of our republic were abolitionists. It is well known that the protection of the slave trade was one of the charges brought against George III. by Mr. Jefferson in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence. This section was struck out, Mr. Jefferson said, in compliance to South Carolina and Georgia, and the Northern people could not with a good conscience denounce the king for protecting a trade in which they had acted largely as carriers. But even among the leading men in South Carolina there were to be found large slaveholders whose sentiments were utterly opposed to the whole system.

In the Federal Convention southern sentiments were decidedly opposed to the slave trade. The speeches of Mason of Virginia, the armory from which the abolitionists of modern times have furnished their quivers; and had it not been for the determined stand of John Rutledge on the subject, the Federal Constitution would have stigmatized the southern portion of the confederacy. With the prophetic spirit of a statesman he defended the interests of his constituents, and found an ally in Connecticut, while Virginia and Maryland, yielding to a sickly sentimentality, were willing to put the seal of reprobation upon their own character.

In the debate on the reference of the abolition petitions to which I referred in my last notes, the principal speakers were Virginia delegates, and when the question was carried by a vote of 43 to 11, the whole Virginia delegation, excepting Theodore Bland and Isaac Cole, voted with the majority; three out of the four delegates from Maryland supported the petition. Mr. Stone, of Maryland, and Mr. Sylvester, from New York, and the two Virginians last named, voted with the South Carolina and Georgia delegations against the reference. I have already shown that six of the gentlemen who thus early in our history attempted by their votes on this occasion to make the constitution a nose of wax, had been members of the Federal Convention.

I have been at some pains, some may think unnecessary, to expose the abolition tendencies of our ancestors. But it is not without its use. It helps to explain the seeming inconsistency of a body of venerable and respectable men, gravely attempting, almost immediately after the danger of a dissolution of the confederacy had been avoided, to reduce to an absolute nullity the very instrument by which the Union had been saved. The questions which arise from this view of the case are not such as are to be settled by professional tactics.

AN INCIDENT.—About a month since, a stranger of fine personal appearance, evidently reared amid the associations of good society, applied to one of the benevolent societies of our city to be taken into their infirmary, as he was suffering under the first attack of fever, and had no friends in the city. He was one of the first who came from the far North to seize the golden opportunity for desirable business situations made vacant by death, but found the beckoning of Fortune to be in reality the wave of the skeleton hand of the Pestilence.

Around his couch strangers ministered with the tenderness and assiduity of life long friends; but the fever ran riot in his veins, and his iron constitution only made the struggle with the disease the more terrible. From the day he sought assistance, it was evident he was doomed; but in his descent into the dark valley he had all the attentions which could have been provided in the Northern home.

The benevolent friends who had watched, and nursed, and ministered to him, and provided him with a last resting-place in our city of the dead, wrote to his friends the sad tidings of his decease, conveying his last messages of love to parents and relatives, and such consolations to the bereaved as were naturally suggested.

In seven days from the receipt of the letter in that Northern home made desolate, while the fever was at its height, a constant in the prime of life and vigor of manhood, arrived in the city to convey the body of his deceased relative to its last resting-place beneath the funeral willows in the family burying-ground. Scarcely had he time to find the charitable friends of the deceased before he was seized with fever; his application for the body of his relative proved a demand for the same charities that had been bestowed upon the recent dead. He was placed in the same infirmary, occupied the same couch, and after wrestling with the pestilence seven days, died, and now lies buried by the side of him he came to bear back to his native home.—N. O. Picayune.

Two students have been expelled from the University of North Carolina for fighting a duel.